

GRAND CLOAK OPENING!

Friday, Nov. 7th, 1890.
Dainty Tea,
Delicious Chocolate,
Unique Souvenirs,
FREE.

Grand Display of New and Choice Things
IN JACKET, REEFERS, PALETOTS, SACQUES AND COATS.

DON'T MISS IT.

BASSETT & CO.

Our Enormous Trade
this fall has driven us
to the market again in
quest of Bargains. You
may expect some good
things, we will not dis-
appoint you.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.,

NOS. 1 and 3 MAIN STREET.

CRIMINALS IN CHINA.

They are subjected to horrible tortures.

I had a talk with a Chinese executioner in the execution grounds at Canton. He was a surly looking devil, with a sword as long as my leg, and he pointed with greedy eyes at my neck as he explained his business. At one side of the execution grounds I noticed a number of big clay pots with lids on them, and I asked the man what these were for. He replied by pulling off one of the lids and yanked out a ghastly head, holding it up by a long black cord. It was cut off, my guide told me, three days before, and all of these pots were, he said, filled with heads in a greater or less degree of decomposition. In the prisons at Shanghai I saw men chained to the walls like wild beasts, and they howled at me fiercely as I looked through the bars of the door. I wanted to enter the prison, but the jailer would not permit it. He said that some men had gone in a few days before had had their clothes torn from their bodies by the prisoners, and it was by no means safe for a foreigner to enter.

Chinese prisons are the worst in the world. The men are crowded in squalor and filth, and they are not allowed to find money to buy something of their jailer they are in danger of starvation. The law requires that each man should have two pounds of rice and two cents' worth of food every day, but the jailer who like all Chinese officials, makes his profits out of his prisoners, starves them if they can not pay him. The turnkeys torture money out of the prisoners, and the results of the mortality in Chinese jails is terrible. The prisoners are expected to cook for themselves, and the worst of them are heavily ironed. Many of those I saw had iron bands around their necks, and not a few had chains about their waists.

It might be supposed that such punishments would decrease crime. They do not seem to have this effect, and the Chinese jails are full, and the police have plenty to do. The Chinese are by no means a moral people. They are in some respects like the French. They abound in polite phrases, and will smile courteously upon you while cutting your throat. They are the most sensual people in the world, and the vices of London are common all over the Chinese Empire. The language used by the Chinese roughs is more vile than that of the Bowery or of White Chapel in London, and superstition is everywhere common. They are in some respects like the French. They abound in polite phrases, and will smile courteously upon you while cutting your throat. They are the most sensual people in the world, and the vices of London are common all over the Chinese Empire.

An ancient sale of colic took place recently in Harrow, Fla.

Delays are dangerous. Don't wait for your child to have an epileptic fit. Kill at once the worms that are making her feel poorly by giving Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyer.

The Empty Hour.
It had been my thought of power.
"Time-hill" was the world's decree.
And yet, 'tis that empty hour
Has filled my life for me.
—Julie M. Lippincott, in The Century for Oct.

I have been an invalid since my sixteenth year, until five months ago, I began a use of Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. Now at the age of twenty-three I feel myself, for the first time in my life, a man filled with health and ambition. I want you to publish this, although I do not sign my true name.
—James Smith, Lexington, Ky.

Husband of Author—My dear, you are famous now! Your picture is in the newspaper.
(Author takes one glance and bursts into tears.)
Husband—Why, my dear, what is the matter?
Author—The horrid things have made me with a last year's bonnet on.
—New York Sun.

STYLISH WAX FIGURES.

What it costs to dress the ladies in Madame Tussaud's Establishment.

It costs about \$2,500 a year to dress the group of royal ladies at Madame Tussaud's. She has had her new court dresses the other day. Some of the gowns are exquisite magnificent. The train of the Princess Beatrice's gown alone was twelve guineas. Her pale-blue dress is, I think, the prettiest of the lot. The front is embroidered in gold and the train is bordered in a feather pattern. The Princess of Wales has, of course, the costliest gown. The front of her dress is of white satin, delicately embroidered in gold and other colors. Her train and bodice are lustrous yellow and white brocade. The Princess has a very pretty bouquet of wild flowers. Bunches of these trim one side of her train. The Duchess of Fife, looking rather miserable, stands near her mother. She has quite a simple dress, in mauve and white. Some of the ladies have quantities of valuable lace about their dresses. The Duchess of Edinburgh, for example, whose massive figure is clad in rich velvet and pink brocade, has a river of lace down one side of her train. The dresses have been chosen to help each other. Though there are not two dresses of the same color, the contrasts never clash. None of the royal women have small waists; the Princess of Wales is the slimmest. The Empress of Austria is the tallest woman in the group. She is attired in cardinal and white. The only ugly dress in the show is that worn by the Empress of Russia. It is of chartruse green brocade and the front is embroidered in metal shades. The Duchess of Connaught's dress is too old for her. It would have suited a dowager better. The dress is in slate color and old rose, trimmed with lace and flowers. These ladies want a tremendous lot of attention, so one of the women attendants told me. They are not washed oftener than once a month, it's true, but their trains are taken off and adjusted afresh every morning.—Fall Mail Gazette.

A Substitute for Scouring Soap.
Wife (to her husband)—When you are down town, John, stop into the store and buy me some scouring soap; there isn't a bit in the house.
Little Johnny (looking up from a newspaper he is reading)—Wouldn't a pound be good in place of soap?

"Oh, all you can," I replied, feeling that all he could get would certainly be too enough.
"All right," he said, and I went up the lake a mile or so with my five crabs to get some bass for my supper. I had all the rest of the day and never got as much as a bite. It was supper time when I pulled for home.

"The next man that says crabs to me," I said to myself, "it won't go well with him."
"After supper I was sitting in my office, feeling a little sore yet over my day's fishing, when a knock came to the door. I opened it, and there stood the small boy I had hired to gather crabs for me. I had forgotten all about him.

"Hello, mister!" he said. "I got some!"
"Crabs were the very last thing I was thinking of just then, but of course a bargain was a bargain."
"All right," I said. "Fetch 'em in." The small boy stepped aside, and immediately appeared again, accompanied by another small boy. Each pulled a big tobacco pail. Each pail was filled with crabs.

"There's two thousand mister," said the small boy I had bargained with. "That small 'a' got a lot more if the pails had been bigger."
"Two thousand crabs! If you'll take the trouble to figure on that you'll find that at five cents apiece 2,000 crabs will come to just an even \$100, and that was the price per crab I had bound myself to pay. While these boys had nerve, I've an idea that their ideas of bargaining were crude, for after some exceedingly anxious and apprehensive argument with them I induced them to compromise on a basis of labor by the day, and even then they made so good a thing out of the deal that the next man who mentions crabs to me will stand an excellent chance of having the price of that day's work taken out of his hide. I returned those crabs to Keuka outlet, and any one who wants to buy my lot and catch them, if he can."—Cor. N. Y. Sun.

CRAB CAKE.

It is a very good thing to have.

In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising pulse, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under positive guarantee by H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

The Rule of Contraries.

Rev. Roarer—"Is it possible, Henry Bladams, that you have gone to the theatre?"

Henry—"Well, yes, sir. You see—"

Rev. Roarer (thunderously)—After the way I have described it to you!"

Henry—"That's what made me go."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE.

Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs.

In Whooping Cough and Croup it is a magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee.

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BARGAIN IN CRABS.

How a Penn Yan Doctor Made a Good Thing in Bass Bait.

"I like to do a little black bass fishing now and then," said Dr. Tompkins of Penn Yan. "But I'm not one of those enthusiastic people who can't get along without it. The other day, though, a friend of mine came in with a fine catch of bass, and the sight of them rather put me in the humor of going out and getting a lot myself."
"What did you catch 'em with?" I asked my friend.
"Crabs," he said.
"We call crawfish crabs in Penn Yan. I had heard before that crabs were good bait for black bass, and thinking that I might get some fun out of them as well as any body else, I went over to Lake Keuka outlet to gather some for bait. I banged around in the creek for three hours, turning up stones and slogging about in the water knee deep, and succeeded in capturing five little crabs."

"Well, I said to myself, 'that isn't a very big lot of bait to start on a day's fishing with, but I guess I won't have any trouble getting two or three nice bass, anyhow.'"
"I was about leaving the creek when I met a small boy. He was a Penn Yan small boy, and had nerve, and he hailed me familiarly, and said:
"Hello, mister! What you after?"

"I told him I was gathering crabs for bait, but that they were powerful scarce."
"What'll you give me to get you some?" inquired the small boy.
"I thought it would be a nice thing to have a couple of dozen or so of crabs, for I'd want to be going out after more bass the next day, and knowing what a tough and tedious time I'd had getting only five, I'd thought I'd make it worth the boy's while spending a day tugging and sweating among the stones, and so I said I'd give him five cents apiece for crabs."

"How many'll I get you," he asked.
"Oh, all you can," I replied, feeling that all he could get would certainly be too enough.
"All right," he said, and I went up the lake a mile or so with my five crabs to get some bass for my supper. I had all the rest of the day and never got as much as a bite. It was supper time when I pulled for home.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

—One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between Ural and the Okhotsk Sea. A well was recently dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 110 meters the ground was still frozen.

—One of the biggest lobsters on record was recently caught at Whitby, England. It measured from snout to extremity of tail, 18 in.; circumference of body, 12 in.; full breadth of tail, 8 in.; length of crusher claw, 12 in.; weight, when alive, 9 lbs., 2 oz.

—A big shark caught near Asbury Park had in its belly four bushels of fish and parts of a man's leg and foot. It was 11½ feet long, and was caught in Jeffrey's fish pond, having followed a school of fish into the enclosure. It was killed with considerable difficulty.

—The Golden Rod is the choice of \$1,200 school children of New York who have sent their votes for a State flower to the Department of Public Instruction. The Rose ran its close race, coming second, with 77,666. The Daisy was a poor third, with 7,000.

—Claribel—"I should like a copy of 'The Stolen Rope.' Assistant—"I don't know of any such song." Claribel—"Why, it goes 'Tum, tum, tumpty tum.' (humms the air). Assistant—"You mean the 'Lost Chord'?" Claribel—"O, yes, that's it."

—Drummer—"See here. I had a room way up on the third floor, and you charged me more than your rates for downstairs rooms." Chicago Hotel-keeper—"Certainly. The top floor rooms are above the smoke, and the extra charge is for sunshine."

—"I'm after getting the house insured for \$150, Bridge." "Arrah an' where's the money, Pat?" "Fah, they won't pay that till their house is burnt down." "Och, if they won't give it to you now, never a cent will they give when there's no house at all."

—"Marry, I love you deeply. Will you be my wife, George?" "Where the heck and river does it come from?" "You have a little something, haven't you?" "Yes, I have \$1,800 a year." "Why, then, it's perfectly easy. I am sure we could live on \$2,000 a year."—Harper's Bazar.

—Another famous tree has fallen before the woodman's axe. It was a huge chestnut, nine feet and four inches in diameter, and stood on the old Elder Winsor Farm, near Greenvale, Rhode Island. It was hollow enough to contain the arms of the rebels, who hid there after their defeat at Acote's Hill.

—Mr. Singery, of the Philadelphia Record, has a calf six months old which carries its head in a small sack under the skin of its neck. The calf gambols on the green meadow as other calves do, gives promise of living a long and useful life, and Mr. Singery is justly proud of it.

—A Coon Rapidly telegraph says: "Dan Hendricks, living near Viola, Iowa, killed a two-legged rattlesnake the other day. It was three feet long, and had two legs, two inches long, about six inches below the head. When first seen it was walking on the legs, wriggling the lower portion of its body. It had five rattles."

—The tract distributor who handed a tract to the wife of a soldier who had lost both legs has a rival. To a fruit peddler who is without hands a New Haven distributor gave a tract bearing warnings against card playing. The tract rested on the basket, hanging from the vendor's neck, and by attracting attention, materially increased his sales.

—Josiah Wardell, an Ohio farmer, has the champion egg-laying duck. She began operations some time in February, and by strict attention to business she has made a record that entitles her to a red card. Up to last week she had laid 111 eggs. Just now she is enjoying a well-earned vacation, but there is no telling how soon she will get tired of loafing and settle down to work again.

—A pair of belligerent bulls, says the Portland Oregonian, engaged in a fierce battle on the track of the Astoria and South Coast railroad the other day, and for nearly half an hour the valiant beasts were unable to drive them away in order to get the train through. Huge clubs were worn out over the heads and backs of the animals, but without avail, until at last they grew weary and sullenly acquiesced away.

—Rattan is the product of a climbing vine of the palm species, growing in the Celebes and other Malayan countries. Starting with a trunk as thick as a man's leg, it winds through the forest, now wrapping a tall tree in its folds, and then descending again to earth and trailing along in snake-like curves until it can find some other stately tree to fasten and climb upon in its pursuit of light and air. Its flow of sap is so intense that the thirsty traveler has at all times a umbriferous of cool, refreshing water at command by cutting off a few feet of the rattan and putting one of the severed ends to his mouth, or holding it over a dish to catch the water.

—TETTER AND EOILS.

For years I was afflicted with aggravated case of Tetter. I tried lotions, dyes, soaps, and other outward applications, without any beneficial results. In addition to the Tetter, Boils commenced breaking out all over my body, causing me so much pain that I decided to quit work and go to bed. I decided that I had started wrong, and instead of using external treatment I ought to go to the seat of the disease and purify my blood, as it was obviously bad blood that caused both Tetter and the Boils. I took several blood purifiers without any good effects. About the time my case was declared incurable I commenced taking S. S. S. In a few weeks the Tetter was cured, and thus I was entirely cured. This was three years ago, and since then I have been free from any skin eruptions. My skin is now, and has been for three years, as smooth as any one's. S. S. S. not only cured me of the Tetter and Boils, but also restored my appetite and general health, causing me to increase in weight and improve in every way.

M. S. POLLOCK, New London, O., May 6, 1890.

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—TETTER AND EOILS.

For years I was afflicted with aggravated case of Tetter. I tried lotions, dyes, soaps, and other outward applications, without any beneficial results. In addition to the Tetter, Boils commenced breaking out all over my body, causing me so much pain that I decided to quit work and go to bed. I decided that I had started wrong, and instead of using external treatment I ought to go to the seat of the disease and purify my blood, as it was obviously bad blood that caused both Tetter and the Boils. I took several blood purifiers without any good effects. About the time my case was declared incurable I commenced taking S. S. S. In a few weeks the Tetter was cured, and thus I was entirely cured. This was three years ago, and since then I have been free from any skin eruptions. My skin is now, and has been for three years, as smooth as any one's. S. S. S. not only cured me of the Tetter and Boils, but also restored my appetite and general health, causing me to increase in weight and improve in every way.

M. S. POLLOCK, New London, O., May 6, 1890.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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